

Sarah Freya –

Freya A picnic. There's stall , and a band. The sun's out. I'm going to buy some sandwiches. Ice cream.

Sarah Can you listen. I've had to move things around, I can't meet you anymore.

Freya You said you'd make time.

Sarah I know but things change and you're alright aren't you? Your . . . picnic.

A Young Man, dirty and sweaty, runs up to Freya grabs her arm.

Young Man Please! Please. Please. Please.

Sarah Everything's just gone a bit mad here.

Young Man My kid. My kid's in trouble

Freya Yeah, everything's gone a bit mad here too.

Sarah Got to go.

She hangs up.

Young Man He's in hospital, I've just found out, I need the bus fare to get down the road, I don't have any . . . change . . . I'm sorry, I'm really in a hurry. Shit. Shit.

Freya How old is he?

Young Man What?

Freya Your kid.

Young Man Seven. He fell over at school I think, I –

Freya And you dropped everything and ran.

Young Man Yeah –

She reaches in her pocket – pulls out the friver.

Freya It's all I've got. I was going to get lunch. Here.

She gives it to him.

Young Man Bless you love. Bless you.

The Young Man runs off, ecstatic.

Freya Good luck!

The sky gets darker.

Freya feels a sharp kick.

Freya Ow!

Clutches her stomach.

Jasmine *is in the street, unhappy, in the rain. Tom is following her.*

Jasmine It was basically rape.

Tom What?

Jasmine What you did. Bit like rape or something.

Tom No it wasn't, you had a good time. I didn't plan it like –

Jasmine So you took the pictures because –

Tom You took the pictures. You suggested it. I was just hoping to persuade you to talk to your sister, but then when you wouldn't and I had the pictures on my phone –

Jasmine No / no no

Tom I realised I could do something.

Jasmine Have you ever even been there?

Tom What?

Jasmine To . . . You know.

Tom Eritrea.

Jasmine Yeah. You ever actually been there?

Tom I want to but I'd have to fly so –

Jasmine Right so, your family? Shut up. Never met them. Are you sorry? What you did to me?

Tom I tried three times to talk you about it instead, but you just shouted me down, get another drink, walk away. So no I'm not sorry, you didn't leave me a choice.

She pushes him away and storms off, leaving him in the street.

Mrs Andrews *is sorting through table cloths.* **Steve** *talks to her.* *The clock strikes four o'clock.*

Steve How much longer is he going to be?

Mrs Andrews He'll be home soon.

Steve I could help if you like? With that?

Mrs Andrews Go and stand over there.

Steve does as he's told.

Steve You were here when my wife visited.

Mrs Andrews In the day, yes.

Steve What was she like?

Mrs Andrews I don't know. She was polite, she was like a young lady. I hope you know better than me.

Beat.

Steve They talked.

Mrs Andrews All night I believe.

Steve What about?

Mrs Andrews You think I was in there listening? I stayed at my sister's.

A pause.

Steve You know he hasn't seen his children in years.

Mrs Andrews Aye.

Steve You know why?

Mrs Andrews I stay out of his business. You'd best talk to him. If you're sensible, and you might be, you might not be, I don't know, but if you are, you'll not cross him.

Steve Why not?

Mrs Andrews *takes a towel and begins unfolding it.*

Mrs Andrews Because, Mr Sullivan, while I'll admit you don't look stupid, whilst I'll concede you seem to have some kind of brain, you're no genius.

Steve And he is?

Mrs Andrews Yes.

Steve A genius?

Mrs Andrews Aye.

Steve What does that even mean?

The door bursts open and Robert Crannock enters. A seventy-year-old man, in a raincoat, and holding a small wind turbine.

Robert A person of extraordinary intellect and talent.

A person who has great influence over another. Take this.

He gives the turbine to Steve.

A wise man. A shaman. A prophet.

Mrs Andrews *shuts the door and gives him the towel on cue.*

Mrs Andrews Mr Crannock.

Steve I'm sorry to just –

Robert Shh. I've had the data, had that for a while, but now you're here in person, now I'm